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of the Southwest before returning. Tourists from New York are scheduled to reach home the day before Christmas. Of course a number of Indian pueblos are among the points visited. Paintings by Eanger I. Couse, E. L. Blumenschein, Julius Rolshoven and others who make Indians their special study are exhibited in the new museum together with pictures by Robert Henri, Walter Ufer, J. H. Sharp, O. E. Berminghaus and others who have portrayed the Pueblo and other Indians during the past three decades. Tourists from the Atlantic coast are cared for by the American Express Company. Santa Fé has a School of American Research with Dr. Edgar L. Hewitt as director and now launches a museum and art gallery on an astonished world.

THE ARTIST LACKING IN OUR GLASSWORKS

Ten years ago an improved laboratory glassware, made in this country, was offered on the market. Government tests showed it to be better than any imported. But chemists themselves were bluffed out of using it by the persuasive voice of the German agent. Circumstances over which we have had no control have demonstrated to us that a German accent is not of necessity the voice of truth, and yet there we sat, pop-eyed and open-mouthed in wonder and admiration, when they told us that Jena glass was "standard." Nobody would buy that American glass. But under the whip of necessity we buy it now and marvel at its merit. It really seems as though, compared with the German selling-agent, the American commercial traveler was a shy and modest violet—a soul of whispers and blushes. In the meantime, still greater improvements have been made, and these have led to the development of glass kitchenware and baking dishes, which is a step forward in household practice. A metal dish or pan reflects the heat away from the sides, whereas a glass dish lets it through. Therefore, a glass dish saves both heat and time in baking.

I want to emphasize the fact that we Americans are very like other people and that while we are doing pretty well in chemistry, the old foggy is prevalent among us. When Ernest Solvay's ammonia process for making soda ash was established here the product was pure and white. For economical reasons they packed it in large containers. The imported soda ash, made by the Leblanc process, came in small containers, and it had a yellowish tinge. We (for the old fogies are as much part of us as are the clever ones) would not have it; we wanted that yellow stain and the small barrels because we were used to them. When they put a little yellow coloring matter into the soda and packed it in small barrels we began to buy. They do not have to do so any more, but the practice had to continue until a good many first-class funerals had taken place.

Coming back to a consideration of glassware and the products of sand and clay, the most intricate apparatus are shown; indeed, the cleverness of American craftsmen working under scientific control is something that strikes the observant eye far more effectively than a mountain of soap or a great display of fancy bottles. And yet, not only is the display of fancy and beautiful glassware and porce-

lain lacking, but the fact is we do not make it in any considerable volume. The materials for glass and porcelain are at hand, the chemistry to produce articles of infinite variety and beauty is available, but when it comes to obtaining, for instance, tableware of grace and loveliness, we are likely to find that which is most appealing is imported. Now, why is this?

The answer is simple—we haven't the skilled labor. But the reason why we have not the skilled labor is far from simple. Let us see, however, if we can not make a guess at it. When a man achieves sufficient skill to make wares of exceptional beauty out of any materials he must have that quality of taste which recognizes the difference between that which is good and that which is not good; he must be enough of an artist to sense beauty when he has it before him. If he is only a hand in a factory, with more interest in his pay than in the quality of his work, he can turn out good, standard stuff, fair enough for anybody to use; but he will not, because he can not, under the circumstances, make exceptional wares. To make these requires an artist, and the artist, with his discriminating taste, finds delight in the thing of beauty and distress in that which lacks it. He enjoys his work more than the ordinary worker and he suffers more over it. One day is not at all like another. In making glass or porcelain ware, for instance, he has more than a job; he has a profession. Just as the physician likes to succeed with a difficult case and is disappointed if his methods fail, so the artist worker gets nervous over his task, and has his good days and his bad ones. He wants good pay and he gets it, but he wants a great deal more. He wants to speak his own language, he wants to select his own friends, he wants to hear his good work praised for comfort's sake, and he wants friendly criticism from his fellow-craftsmen.

The chances are that he has never heard of sanitary plumbing, but it is still more likely that he tends a little flower garden and has a favorite spot of green grass where he occasionally lies down of a summer afternoon. He may be especially fond of a local brew of beer or a *vin du pays*, both of which may injure his health, but it is impossible to persuade him that this is so. Now, we have little potteries in this country that make articles of surprising beauty, and they get \$100 for an inkstand. This proves our poverty in beautiful wares because it shows how scarce they are. In vitrics and ceramics, so far as the artistic quality of our products is concerned, we are way behind France, Saxony, and Bohemia. Chemically and technically we have caught up with them. We shall meet them artistically when we learn how to deal with the artistic temperament. To the man with a sense of order and a love for organization, the artistic temperament offers problems to rack his soul. Selah.

—*Ellwood Hendrick in New York Times.*

SOME RECENT BOOKS

Memoirs of the American Academy in Rome. Using the imprint of a firm at Bergamo, the American Academy in Rome has published a noble folio as an earnest of what may be expected from the men who enjoy the privileges of the villa on the Janiculum. An account of this building in which